



Super-Me and the End of the World



👁 151 ✓ 7 ★ 18

Chapter 1 by Líneas&Doublespeak

"Let me get this straight," I say to the cold, empty room, "I stand on the podium, it reads my energy, or something, and it gives me a superpower?"

"Well, it's a bit more complicated than that, but yes." came the gruff voice over the intercom, "Now hurry up will you, London's gettin' evacuated and I am not missing the last ride out of this hell-hole!"

"Alright, alright!"

What am I doing? I should be with my family getting as far away from this damned city as possible, yet here I am, stepping onto a crazy looking podium in a secret base under the city, about to have my life turned upside down.

"And it's completely safe, yeah?" I call out, I can't help my voice from shaking. Suddenly the metal arms of the machine whirr into motion and take hold of my limbs.

"The success rate is about 50% with compatible subjects." The intercom replied.

"What?" I cry, "Even if you're compatible you've got a 50/50 chance of dying?!"

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"Look at this way!" the operator says, "You have a 50% chance of dying, or you can have a quick and relatively painless death. Which do you prefer?"

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"NEITHER!" I scream, but it is too late. Great arcs of electricity are leaping off the machine now, thundering against the metal panels of the circular chamber.

"Let me out! I don't want to do this anymoore!!!"

The world goes white.

Chapter 2 by Brock Thompson



I wake up in a white room. Its filled with hard edges and sharp corners, as if it were carved out of ice.

I dreamily got out of the bed and heard a slight crinkle on the floor. I looked down to see a note. I bent down and picked it up, mouthing the words that had been scribbled hurriedly on the paper:

"Operation was success. I had to leave.
Other patient in room down hall.

Good luck, kid."

Those simple words spawned several emotions and many thoughts in my head, chasing each other around and around the cage that my mind was. I didn't know what to think about first.

The operation was a success? So I had superpowers now? But what were they?

Other patient down the hall? There was another person? Did they have superpowers like me? Were they dangerous?

After I had contemplated every aspect of the note, I decided to find out who the person down the hall was.

I crept down the white washed corridor and went to the only other door on my end of the long hallway. I knocked on the light oak door with the knob, but there was no reply.

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Should I go in? My hand hovered over the handle for a moment, but I decided that the person inside the room would undoubtedly have some idea of what I was doing. I was in some strange circumstances.

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I opened the door.

My eyes fell upon the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, sitting cross legged on the bed in the corner of the heavenly white room.

She had a playful smile on her pink lips, and I almost faint as my gaze falls upon the light speckles of freckles bridging her nose and dotting her cheeks. I looked into her bright blue eyes without a word to say.

She twirled a hand through her chestnut hair and smiled at me.

"Hi," she said, "I'm Emily."

Chapter 3 by QuixoticEscapist



"Hi," is all I can muster. Standing awkwardly in the doorway, arm half-bent with my hand limply clutching to the door handle, I drink in the energy of the room, assessing the danger. When nothing seems amis, or rather, everything feels the same shade of crazy I take a deep breath letting the same humming feeling that reverberates around me calm within my chest and look back into the girl's vibrant eyes.

I wonder if she knows what's happening.

"No, I don't but life is a journey and this one seems to be the start of an interestin one," her voice tango's to my ears, each syllable holding more meaning than comprehensible.

"I- um." I stutter. "I didn't actually say anything."

Confusion could's her fairy-like features for a moment until it clears up, slowly morphing into excitement.

"Well, that's new." She bounces to the edge of the bed before patting the spot next to her.

"Come. Sit," she demands. "You still haven't told me your name."

My body moves somewhat mechanically as I stop myself from sitting beside her as I notice the

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"Emerson. It's not my first name but everyone just calls me Emerson."

Chapter 4 by Christina Adkins



A new, super-powered survivor causes trouble.

"Emerson", she repeats. My name sounds so beautiful coming off her lips. She starts to giggle. "Hey, what's so funny?". Emily is just continuing to giggle at me, like she knows some secret joke that I don't. "Your first name is Kelly, that's why you don't go by your first name". I didn't even know that I had thought of that, but Emily calling that to my attention made me realize that I had briefly had my real name in my head when she had first asked me. "Well I guess I can tell what your superpower is now", I tell her. "Hey, I guess you're right." We both blush, me at the thought of her knowing my real name, and her at the realization that she would now be finding out everyone's secrets whether they liked it or not.

An awkward silence follows, and I'm not sure what to say. "Kelly is a family name", my voice cracks. Great, now I sound even more like a girl. I clear my throat and try to think of something else to say. Thankfully, another girl comes in the door, closing it behind her. "Who the hell are you?" she asks rather brashly, giving me a once over. I give her a once over too. With bright purple hair cut short, this girl has to be at least 6'3". Not someone that I think I'd want to cross. Emily introduces me, as the "New Victim EMERSON", giving me a wink. At least she wasn't going to tell anyone what she...overheard what I was thinking? "Angela" the tall, purple haired girl says, without stopping what she's doing...

What is she doing? She's rummaging through a sock drawer in search of something. She pulls out a sock, dangling low due to something heavy stuffed inside it. "What IS that" I ask. "You two come with me and you'll find out". I look at Emily, who sighs and gets up off the bed and starts to put her shoes on. "Are we supposed to leave our housing?". Angela stops briefly, turns around to look at me in says, "No, but are you going to just sit here and do nothing." Angela turns around and walks out of the room. Angela follows. I still don't know what my super power is, should I just go walking around with people I just met? If only it worked the other way around and I could read Emily's mind. Or Angela's for that matter. Why couldn't it be mind-reading. It's such a simple super power.

I look around the room. It's still empty with nothing but the bed and desk. I decide to follow just this one time.

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Chapter 5 by Christina Adkins



as Emily and i start to follow Angela she starts us off down a hallway that seems to be vacant and damaged, i decided to ask "what happen here"

"the war it, it passed by when we was all in the fusion bunker wiped out everything" Angela said as she walks over a gap in the floor on a springing board the hallway is cold and some of the light fixtures hang from the ceiling and holes and tiles removed from the ceiling. "how long have i been out" i asked curiously, "a week" Emily says with a blurt like she wanted to be the one that answered my question "here we are" Angela says standing in a dome have destroyed towering fifty maybe sixty feet over us. she pulls out the sock and dumps the content in her hand which is a bronze sphere and throws it across the dome. It doesn't role but lands with a thud and stays put in the dent it made in the dirt "get ready" Angela says with a smile as she sets her thumb on a trigger and presses the button down. the bronze sphere beginning to crack open with a hiss and begins to transform its self into a near seven foot statue that begins to move towards them in a fast and aggressive way.

"what is that!!" i yell starting to feel the thump from the bronze statue starting my way "run!" Angela says as she flings her body in the air and begins to fly. "that would be useful" i think to myself starting to run for cover behind a couple of rocks and panels broken from the ceiling of the dome towering over us. I look over my barricade of rock and metal and see Angela starting to form a blue light from her hands which begins to spark with electricity. I glance back at Emily who is running away at a remarkable speed looking like a blur. before i could move the bronze man is at my side reaching for me and grips my shirt and throws me in the air. As i come down hard on my shoulder i feel my body ache from the wind being knocked out of me i stand up not knowing what to do i put my hands up over my face as the bronze man is starting towards me again i see streaks of lightning strike at the towering figure in front of me as Emily runs around and around the statue creating the wind stronger then a tornado bringing the statue to its knees the bronze man reaches out and grabs Emily throwing her down with enough force to break every bone in her left side. He picks up the panel which i was hiding behind previously and he hurtles it at Angela throwing her off and making her fall with anxious movement to stay in the air. Once more the man begins toward my position i throw my hands up over my face thinking that i was just led into my own death bed. I start to feel a shaking in my body but not

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into molten metal and rocks and metal from the ground dissolved. Everything went black and my vision faded

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